

Project: Twilight, by Cavan Scott & Mark Wright

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ABBERTON [OC]: October the fourth, 1915. This God-forsaken place is cold. I had to scrape the ice from the window again this morning just so I could glimpse that wasteland out there. I don't know what's worse any more. The wind howling across the moor, whistling down those long corridors, or the lost screams crying out into the night.

(Door opens and closes.)

ABBERTON [OC]: Every day they ask for more, ask me to destroy more souls. How much longer can I endure this, knowing each time I carry out this perversion we step closer to damnation? But, for King and Country, isn't that what they say? I sometimes think I can hear their whispers caught somewhere between the screams and the storm, but I know.

(Door opens.)

NURSE: Evening, Doctor Abberton.

ABBERTON: Nurse, is this the (pause) patient?

NURSE: Yes.

ABBERTON: Very well. Leave us.

NURSE: Yes, Doctor.

(Door closes. A terrified woman whimpers.)

ABBERTON: Good evening. I never know what to say at this moment. Are you afraid? More afraid than me? I doubt that. You see, I know what's going to happen to you. Why, didn't you know? There's a war on. A crumbling Empire has need of your service. You volunteered it once. They're not even going to ask this time. A small injection, nothing more, then you remember the man who made you a god forever.

(Boom! Alarm bells.)

ABBERTON: What? No.

(Door opens and closes.)

ABBERTON: Guards! Guards!

AMELIA: They can't hear you. I removed their ears.

ABBERTON: Twilight Seven, return to your barracks.

AMELIA: My dear Doctor, I'm merely responding to the instinct you created in me. The instinct to kill.

ABBERTON: Stay back. I'm armed.

AMELIA: Shoot, then. You know what good *that* will do.

ABBERTON: Please, I didn't have any choice.

AMELIA: Have you done it?

ABBERTON: Done what?

AMELIA: Please don't bore me. Is it done?

ABBERTON: Seconds ago.

AMELIA: Oh, I'm sorry.

(Running feet.)

REGGIE: Millie, the soldiers are breaking through! We have to go now.

AMELIA: Reginald, get those straps of Nathaniel.

REGGIE: We haven't got time!

AMELIA: Do it.

ABBERTON: What are you going to do with me?

AMELIA: It seems a little late to ask questions.

ABBERTON: You'll never escape from the Forge.

REGGIE: He's coming round, Millie. Now!

AMELIA: Just one last thing.

ABBERTON: No. Please, I can help up. Yes, take me with you. I can try to reverse what I've done.

AMELIA: It's far too late for that, Doctor.

ABBERTON: No!

(Gunshots, Amelia laughs.)

(The chimes of Big Ben, police sirens rushing past, general rumble of traffic.)

RADIO: Prime Minister Tony Blair was in York, visiting local businesses and tourist attractions.

DOCTOR: Thank you.

RADIO: So, when in Yorkshire

DOCTOR: See you next time.

(Shop door bell, steps outside, door closes.)

EVELYN: Doctor, you can eat at the finest restaurants anywhere across time and space, and you choose to bring us to a grotty Chinese takeaway in South (pronounced Sarf) East London.

DOCTOR: I have sat at table in the court of the great Kublai Khan, and tasted the mouthwatering pastries created by the Master Bakers of Barastabon, and nothing, but nothing beats the Peking crispy duck from the Slow Boat.

EVELYN: (laughs) What's so good about it?

DOCTOR: Believe me, once those flavours explode across your taste buds, they will love you forever.

EVELYN: I'll stick to my sweet and sour chicken balls, thank you.

DOCTOR: Where's your sense of adventure?

EVELYN: It's a bit on the shy side today.

DOCTOR: Suit yourself. Prawn cracker?

(Ball rolling round a roulette wheel. Murmur of crowd.)

CROUPIER: Place your bets.

REGGIE: Inspector Hawthorn. Good evening. Your usual table? A drink for the Inspector. I hope Lady Luck is on your side tonight. Good evening. Evening. Frankie, you old dog. Pop by the office, I've got a package for you. Ladies.

CASSIE: (a Northern lass) A drink, sir? Yes, coming right up.

REGGIE: Cassie, my darling. How're you settling in?

CASSIE: Oh, Mister Mead. Hello. Yes, yeah, thank you, it's going okay.

REGGIE: I told you, call me Reggie. Remember, anyone who walks through the doors of the Dusk is family. One big, fat, happy family, all playing games.

CASSIE: Sure. I remember.

REGGIE: You need anything, you come to me or Eddie. He's duty manager tonight.

CASSIE: Right.

REGGIE: That's my girl. Steve! Too long. (recedes) Where you been hiding?

CASSIE: I wonder how many other families knee-cap each other when they lose at Monopoly? Oh!

(Clatter of glasses.)

DEEKS: Clumsy.

CASSIE: Oh, it's you again.

DEEKS: Come on, I only want a drink. And whatever else you're offering.

CASSIE: There's only drinks on this menu.

DEEKS: Everyone knows you Dusk girls offer extras.

CASSIE: Not this one. (sotto) Now get lost.

AMELIA: Is there a problem here?

CASSIE: Amelia

DEEKS: Yeah. I don't think much to your waitress.

AMELIA: Cassie, I'll take care of this. See to table four.

CASSIE: Yes, Amelia.

AMELIA: Just through here. Mister Deeks, isn't it? I think a spot of private gambling on the house will adequately compensate you.

(Door opens.)

DEEKS: Well, I suppose

(Door closes. Key in lock.)

REGGIE: Evening.

DEEKS: Who the Hell?

AMELIA: Allow me to introduce my associate, Mister Mead.

DEEKS: Where are the game tables? I thought we were

REGGIE: There's only one game in here, sunshine. You gambled and lost everything when you walked through the door.

DEEKS: Look, all I wanted was a drink and some fun.

AMELIA: Reggie, hold him.

DEEKS: 'Ere, what are you doing? Get off me. Look, don't make me. Cor, your hands are freezing.

(Crack. Cry of pain.)

DEEKS: What are you?

AMELIA: The future.

DEEKS: No, keep away. Help me!

(Thumps at door. Reggie laughs.)

DEEKS: Nooooo!

(to the tune of Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush.)

DOCTOR: (singing) Zagreus lives inside your head, Zagreus lives among the dead, Zagreus sees you in your bed and eats you when you're sleeping

EVELYN: Are you quite all right, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Hmm?

EVELYN: You sound as if you're in mortal agony.

DOCTOR: An old favourite of mine just popped into my head for no reason.

EVELYN: Rather like coming here, then. I've never been to Bermondsey before. No one would come here without good reason. I mean, it's not the most salubrious of areas, is it?

DOCTOR: Oh, I don't know. The most interesting places in the world spring up on the banks of a river, especially one like the Thames. The history surrounding this area is fascinating. Did you know that there are tunnels stretching beneath the river there, right the way back to Westminster and Churchill's War Rooms?

EVELYN: A bit too recent for my area of expertise, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Ah well, we'll soon be back in the Tardis. Where do you fancy next? Have you ever been to BI

EVELYN: Urgh!

DOCTOR: What is it?

EVELYN: Oh, I've stepped in something.

DOCTOR: Hold still for a minute. There. Oh. Oh dear.

EVELYN: Oh, that's horrible. Oh, poor cat.

DOCTOR: Ripped apart, almost disembowelled by the look of it.

EVELYN: That's what I said, horrible.

DOCTOR: There's another.

EVELYN: Oh, looks like a dog.

DOCTOR: Hmm. Cocker spaniel. And there's a pigeon. Same state, I'm afraid.

EVELYN: Who would do this?

DOCTOR: The trail appears to lead into that alleyway. I think we should

EVELYN: Investigate?

DOCTOR: You know me far too well, Doctor Smythe. (distant) Oh dear.

EVELYN: What is it?

DOCTOR: (distant) Stay back. Someone's been very busy.

EVELYN: (walking) Oh really, Doctor. You don't have to protect me all the time. I oh. What's that smell?

DOCTOR: Don't say I didn't warn you.

EVELYN: What *is* this place?

DOCTOR: A humble abode of some sort. Look, the litter's been gathered up into a bed.

EVELYN: It's like a nest.

DOCTOR: Yes, though I'd hate to meet a bird this size. I think our tenant is human.

EVELYN: Oh, more carcasses.

DOCTOR: A hungry tenant at that.

EVELYN: Hungry? You, you mean someone's actually

DOCTOR: Been eating these unfortunate creatures, yes. See the teeth marks?

EVELYN: Maybe we should leave before the owner returns and gets an appetite for something bigger.

DOCTOR: Yes, I wonder.

(Roulette wheel drops into a slot.)

CASSIE: All bets are off. Time to go home.

REGGIE: Cassie, sweetheart, don't you want your wages?

CASSIE: Yes, yes, of course. (rustle of notes) Oh, this is way too much.

REGGIE: Call it a bonus. We always reward hard work.

CASSIE: Oh, okay then, thanks. See you tomorrow, well, I mean, tonight.

(Door closes.)

AMELIA: I want her, Reggie. I like her.

REGGIE: I thought I recognised those hungry eyes. Dangerous games, Millie.

AMELIA: I don't care. She's the best candidate to walk through our doors in years. Such a fit young body.

REGGIE: Yeah, I was thinking the same meself.

AMELIA: Keep your filthy paws off her. She's mine. Now, join me downstairs.

REGGIE: All in a night's work, eh?

(Lift arrives.)

REGGIE: I'll follow you down. I've got to check with Eddie.

AMELIA: Be quick. Mister Deeks'll be waking up soon.

(Lift door closes.)

REGGIE: Eddie, how did we do tonight?

EDDIE: Not bad, Reggie. Inspector Hawthorn had a nice run of luck.

REGGIE: Excellent. That should keep him on side. Bit of action down below. You'd better join us.

(Heartbeat.)

DEEKS: Where, where am I?

AMELIA: Ah, Mister Deeks. You're awake.

DEEKS: You! What have you done to me? What is this place?

AMELIA: Don't worry. No one will find you down here. We're quite alone.

DEEKS: Why are you doing this?

AMELIA: I need you to take some special medicine for me. Problem is, whenever I've done this in the past, the patients struggle and scream in horrible agony, and cause me all sorts of problems. So all these restraints are really for your own good.

(Door opens and closes.)

REGGIE: Have I missed anything?

AMELIA: No. We were just getting to know each other, weren't we?

(Door opens and closes.)

DEEKS: Please.

AMELIA: Reggie, pass me the syringe. Thank you. Now, Mister Deeks, I need you to be Amelia's brave little soldier.

DEEKS: No, you can't.

AMELIA: Because this is going to hurt. A lot.

(Deeks screams.)

(Dustbin moved, paper rustles.)

EDDIE: Oi, whose there?

(Cat meows.)

EDDIE: Damn cat. Hop it, before you end up in a takeaway!

(Footsteps.)

EDDIE: I knew there was someone there. Whoever you are, we're closed, so get lost! Oh, God. It can't. Reggie said you were dead. No! Argh!

(Thud.)

EVELYN: Did you hear that?

DOCTOR: I most certainly did. Come on.

EVELYN: Oh, one day it would be nice to have a meal that doesn't end in mortal danger.

EVELYN: Doctor, that man. He, he just shot the other one!

DOCTOR: Yes, I saw.

EVELYN: He's running for it.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, stay here. See if you can help this poor unfortunate. (runs) Come out, come out, wherever you are.

(Cat meows, heavy footsteps.)

DOCTOR: Oh no you oof!

(Thud.)

DOCTOR: Ow. Oh, very dignified. Put out with the rubbish.

EDDIE: It hurts.

EVELYN: Yes, I know. Shh. I need to get you an ambulance.

EDDIE: No.

EVELYN: But I must, otherwise

EDDIE: No ambulances. Tell, tell Reggie it was (gurgle, stops breathing.)

DOCTOR: Oh dear.

EVELYN: Oh, Doctor. Did you?

DOCTOR: No, I lost him. I see there's nothing to be done here.

EVELYN: I'm afraid not, poor lad. What's that on your lapel?

DOCTOR: Huh? Oh, er, urgh, cabbage in rather a nasty white sauce, I think. Never mind that, we've got more serious things to consider.

REGGIE: (distant) Eddie? Eddie! What are you up to out here? I hope you're not messing about with that little tart on firm's time. What the hell's going on here! Get away from him!

DOCTOR: Do you know him?

REGGIE: Know him? Yeah, I think I'd recognise my chief croupier, even after some joker's butchered him.

EVELYN: Doctor, I think he thinks we had something to do with this.

DOCTOR: What, us? Look, you're lucky we came along when we did. Let me introduce myself. I am known as the Doctor, and this is my very good friend, Doctor Evelyn Smythe.

REGGIE: Doctors, is it? Well, you'll both need a doctor when I'm finished with ya. (Eddie groans.)

EVELYN: He's still alive! But, but Doctor, I checked his pulse.

DOCTOR: He seems lively enough now. All right, all right, my friend, try to keep still.

REGGIE: I warned you. If you

DOCTOR: Oh look, I've had enough of this. I don't know who you are, but your friend here is in grave need of medical assistance. We need to call for an ambulance. Or perhaps you have a car so you could drive him to the nearest hospital?

REGGIE: No. No hospitals.

DOCTOR: Why? We'll lose him if we don't get help. Now call for an ambulance.

REGGIE: There's no need! I have er medical facilities in my club.

DOCTOR: Your club? Oh well, we wouldn't have time to get him anywhere anyway. Come on, then, help me lift him. (effort) Careful. Evelyn, get the door. Gently.

AMELIA: No, you fool, you're not supposed to die. Not again. So close, so very close. Pathetic, pathetic

(Door opens. Eddie keeps crying out in pain.)

DOCTOR: We've got to get that arrow out of him.

EVELYN: I'm dropping him.

DOCTOR: Quickly, on the table.

AMELIA: What's going on? Eddie?

EVELYN: Careful, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I haven't got time to be careful. Stop wriggling, man. Here, help me get these restraints round his arms and legs.

AMELIA: Reggie, what happened? Who are these people?

REGGIE: I found him outside with them.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry, but can we do the introductions in a minute? I need you all to help. Reggie, is that your name? Grab his legs and keep him still. Evelyn, can you find me some towels and clean up some of this blood? I need to see what I'm doing.

EVELYN: Yes, Doctor.

DOCTOR: And you

AMELIA: Amelia. Amelia Doory.

DOCTOR: Amelia, can you take my coat? Thank you. Evelyn, where are those towels? Evelyn!

EVELYN: Doctor, I think you should look at this.

DOCTOR: I don't have time to (pause) Another body?

EVELYN: Look at his face. He must have died in agony.

DOCTOR: Someone had better start explaining.

AMELIA: Please, we need to help Eddie. We're losing him.

DOCTOR: Very well, but I want answers.

AMELIA: Of course.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, mop up the blood. Incredible. I've never seen so much blood from a wound.

EVELYN: Doctor, feel his skin. He's burning up.

DOCTOR: You're right, his temperature's soaring.

EVELYN: I can't stop the blood. It's erupting all round the arrow. I think I'm going to be sick.

DOCTOR: I can't get it out of his chest. These barbs are holding it fast. I'm going to have to cut it out. Amelia, get me a scalpel.

EVELYN: His skin, it's steaming. He's getting bigger, bloating.

REGGIE: Get away from the table!
DOCTOR: No, it's a simple enough procedure.
REGGIE: Get back!
EVELYN: He's red hot!
DOCTOR: Down!
(Bang, splat. Cries of disgust.)
DOCTOR: Is everyone all right?
EVELYN: All right? Look at me. I'm covered in. Oh, I don't want to think what I'm covered in.
DOCTOR: His whole body expanded with heat, like a balloon. I must admit, I've never experienced anything like that before. Something that caused the body's internal gasses expand to alarming
EVELYN: Yes, but what would cause something like that to happen? Was it the arrow?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure, but I think our new friends here probably know more than they're letting on.
REGGIE: Right, I've had enough of this. One more word from you, sunshine, and I'm gonna
DOCTOR: And what? I'll be found dead, strapped to an operating table, hmm?
AMELIA: Reggie Mead, calm down. Doctor, I'd like to thank you for your efforts, but I'm afraid Eddie was beyond our help.
DOCTOR: Strange.
AMELIA: What is, Doctor?
DOCTOR: That you don't seem surprised your friend just exploded. Almost as if you were expecting it to happen.
EVELYN: Doctor, I'm going to have to clean myself up. I'm not feeling too good.
DOCTOR: Yes, you look a little peaky. Is there somewhere my friend can freshen up?
AMELIA: Yes, of course. There's a wash room upstairs. Third door on the right. Here, I'll show you.
DOCTOR: No. No, I'll look after her, thank you. But rest assured, I'll be back in a moment for answers.
(Door opens and closes.)
DOCTOR: How are you feeling?
EVELYN: A little shaky. It's not every day a man explodes into your handbag. I'll be okay. Take more than a few loose entrails to turn my stomach.
DOCTOR: That's the Smythe spirit. Will you be all right on your own?
EVELYN: I'll be fine.
DOCTOR: Good. Don't go poking around.
EVELYN: Poking around? Me? Who could I possibly have learned that from?
DOCTOR: Hmm!

REGGIE: I say we get rid of them. They've seen too much.
AMELIA: (sighs) We can't do that, Reggie, not least because this Doctor is much more than he appears.
REGGIE: What do you mean?
AMELIA: If you need to ask, that shows how dull your senses have become.
REGGIE: I want answers.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: As do I.
AMELIA: Doctor, how is your friend?
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: She's a little shaken up. Can't say I blame her.
REGGIE: You still haven't explained why you attacked Eddie.
DOCTOR: Attacked Eddie? Are you blind? I don't know if you noticed, I just tried to save him.
REGGIE: Tell me why he needed saving.
DOCTOR: That's a question you should save for the chap who made a run for it, isn't it.
REGGIE: What chap?
DOCTOR: Tall, dark, and sinister? He was standing over the body. We obviously disturbed him in the act.
AMELIA: (sotto) You said you'd taken care of him, Reggie.
REGGIE: (sotto) I did.
DOCTOR: Excuse me, is this a private conversation or can anyone join in? I take it you know this man.
AMELIA: Doctor, thank you for your help, but
DOCTOR: But nothing. What kind of casino has a full-blown hospital in its cellar? And I haven't even started on that young man tied up on the bed over there yet. And then there's all this. State of the art scientific apparatus alongside torture devices that would make the Spanish Inquisition blush. And

believe me, they had very strong stomachs.

REGGIE: Don't touch those.

DOCTOR: What's this? A taser, capable of shifting a good few thousand volts into somebody's nervous system. Very nasty in the wrong hands. I think I'd better keep hold of this.

REGGIE: This is none of your business, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Mysterious deaths and bizarre situations are *exactly* my kind of business.

REGGIE: That's it! I've had a gut-full!

AMELIA: Reggie, the Doctor just wants to help. If you'd excuse us for a moment.

DOCTOR: Of course.

(Footsteps.)

AMELIA: Keep yourself under control. He might just be able to help us.

REGGIE: Strangers make me nervous. Especially if he's back. Let me loose on this clown. I can usually get something out of him.

AMELIA: You can be such a barbarian. Leave the Doctor to me. Make a few calls, usual contacts. Nobody that colourful goes through life without being noticed.

REGGIE: Oh, all right. But if he causes any more trouble

AMELIA: Just go.

(Footsteps, door opens and closes.)

AMELIA: Well, Doctor, now we're alone, I think it's time I told you everything.

(Punching buttons on a telephone. Ringing at the other end. Cork out of bottle and liquid pouring into glass. Drinks.)

REGGIE: Willie. Reggie Mead. Yeah, yeah, yeah, another one I owe you. Look, I need the form on somebody. Bloke calling himself the Doctor. Yeah, that's right, yeah. Acts like a lunatic, looks even worse. But I don't buy it, see. He knocks around with a dotty old bird called Evelyn. Yeah, yeah. Now, I need it yesterday, understood? Ta, yeah.

(Phone down.)

REGGIE: Whoever you are, Doctor, I hope you've got good medical insurance.

(Door opens, gasps.)

REGGIE: What do you think you're doing?

CASSIE: Reggie.

REGGIE: Cassie, I thought you went home.

CASSIE: I, I did, but er, I left my purse here.

REGGIE: Oh yeah? Don't play games with me, girlie. Shall we try again?

CASSIE: Ow! Me arm, you're hurting me.

REGGIE: Oh, I do a lot more with people I catch going through my business files.

CASSIE: I wasn't, I promise. Please, let me go.

(Knock on door, door opens.)

EVELYN: Sorry, I was looking for the loo. Need to powder my nose.

CASSIE: I'll show you the way. It's right down here.

DOCTOR: Do you seriously expect me to believe *that*?

AMELIA: Believe what you will, Doctor. The Forge research programme was instigated by the Government themselves. Over a hundred of us were selected as guinea-pigs.

DOCTOR: For what purpose? What could they possibly have hoped to achieve?

AMELIA: Why do governments do anything? We didn't have any choice. We were press-ganged into it. They took us from the streets, from prisons, anywhere where nobody cared or missed us.

DOCTOR: And which tepid backwater did they fish you from?

AMELIA: I was serving an extended sentence for embezzling a small fortune from my employers. When somebody offers you a way out, you'll take it.

DOCTOR: Not that I approve, but I've witnessed much worse atrocities than petty theft. Go on.

AMELIA: Then the experiments started. Radiation therapy, DNA manipulation, courses of who-knows-what drugs. And we never knew why.

DOCTOR: Well, until I carry out tests on Eddie's somewhat limited remains, I wouldn't like to hazard a guess. You must have your own ideas. I mean, I take it all this elaborate set-up is to ascertain what they did to you?

AMELIA: Doctor, I'm little more than an enthusiastic amateur. That's why I'm none the wiser after years of study. My theory is that they were attempting to augment us in some way, create powerful soldiers. But all they achieved was genetically scarring us for life.

EVELYN: (breathless) Do wait for me, please.
CASSIE: (crying) Leave me alone.
EVELYN: Oh now, come on. Why was that awful man treating you so badly?
CASSIE: He had every right to. I wasn't supposed to be there.
EVELYN: Poppycock. He's just a big bully. Here, have a hankie. You want to tell me about it?
CASSIE: You're very kind, but I can't get you involved. What was that?
EVELYN: What was what?
CASSIE: I thought I heard a noise.

AMELIA: And that, Doctor, is everything.
DOCTOR: It's certainly a colourful tale, but unfortunately one that fails to explain why you have a dead body in your lab.
AMELIA: Over the years, I have been forced to use live subjects.
DOCTOR: Forced?
AMELIA: I've run out of ideas, Doctor. I've lost my battle.
DOCTOR: Oh, rubbish. What you need is a fresh set of eyes. Someone who knows what they're doing.
AMELIA: What are you saying?
DOCTOR: By the sound of it, you were wronged by people you trusted, and deserve a chance to live your life. I can help you, on two conditions.
AMELIA: Go on.
DOCTOR: A, you keep Reggie under control, and B, no more deaths.
AMELIA: You have my word.
DOCTOR: I'm always willing to accept somebody's word. Prove my faith to be misplaced, and you'll regret it. Right, we'd better get on, then. I'll just check on Evelyn first.
(Door opens.)

EVELYN: I'm sure it's nothing.
CASSIE: It sounds like some kind of animal.
EVELYN: Oh dear, hope it's not our four-legged fancier.
(Wordless sounds, Cassie gasps.)
CASSIE: What is it?
EVELYN: I think it's human.
CASSIE: It can't be.
EVELYN: Cassie, look out, it's going to
(Cassie screams.)

[Part Two]

DOCTOR: (distant) Evelyn!
EVELYN: Doctor! Help us!
(Running feet.)
EVELYN: Everywhere we move he blocks us.
CASSIE: Keep away, you freak!
DOCTOR: Interesting. He's hunting you.
EVELYN: Oh, you're a real help.
DOCTOR: What? Oh, sorry. Hey! How about picking on something your own size, eh? Ah ha, that's right, over here. You two, make for the doors. No, no, stay with me. Don't want tough stringy old humans, do you, eh? Come on, come on. Now, don't be scared. I can help you. Trust me, I'm the Doctor. Yes, there, there. That's
(Screeching.)
DOCTOR: Not exactly what I had in mind. Ow!
EVELYN: That's it. (thumping sound) Get off him!
(Door opens and closes.)
AMELIA: Nathaniel.
DOCTOR: Amelia, do you know him?
AMELIA: Yes. Let him go.
DOCTOR: Shouldn't you be saying that to him?
AMELIA: Nathaniel, come on. Come to Amelia. Oh, Nate, what has he done to you?
EVELYN: Are you all right?

DOCTOR: Mmm, yeah, I'll be fine. See to your friend.

AMELIA: Oh, my poor, poor baby. Look at your skin.

DOCTOR: He's badly burnt. Surprised he has the strength in him to attack anyone.

AMELIA: He's one of us, Doctor. Help me get him inside. I need to dress these wounds.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, if ever I ask you to leave that ridiculous bludgeon in the shape of a large handbag in the Tardis

EVELYN: Yes?

DOCTOR: Ignore me.

DOCTOR: That's better. The sedative should calm him. You have quite a well-equipped lab here, don't you? Not bad for a casino. His skin's badly burned.

AMELIA: He's been exposed to the sun.

DOCTOR: Pardon?

AMELIA: A side-effect of his particular genetic alteration. He suffers from porphyria

DOCTOR: Oh, that explains it.

EVELYN: Not to us lesser mortals it doesn't.

DOCTOR: Oh, porphyria, Evelyn, is a genetic condition sometimes found in infants. An error in the metabolism leaves the body unable to produce enough blood. Unfortunately, the victim's also extremely light sensitive. Even a short time in the sun can cause hideous blistering and scarring.

(Door opens.)

REGGIE: What's going on? Is that the run

AMELIA: Nathaniel? Yes, it is.

(Door closes.)

DOCTOR: His wrists and ankles have been bound, and recently, too. They're red raw.

EVELYN: You mean someone did this deliberately?

AMELIA: Yes, and I know who.

REGGIE: Nimrod.

DOCTOR: Who? Oh, I take it you're referring to our mysterious stranger in black. I wondered how long he was going to wait in the wings. Who is this Nimrod?

REGGIE: I seem to keep saying this, Doctor. (shouts) But that's none of your business!

DOCTOR: Suit yourself. I'm only trying to help.

AMELIA: You *are*, Doctor. Perhaps we should proceed with the autopsy.

DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, of course. Reggie, why don't you go and count some money?

REGGIE: (snarling) I'm going to get

AMELIA: Just go!

(Footsteps, door opens and closes.)

EVELYN: (sotto) Doctor, I think Cassie's gone through enough for one night. She needs to go home.

DOCTOR: (sotto) Good idea. Go with her. It's only going to get messy around here, and there's something about that young lady I can't quite put my finger on.

EVELYN: (sotto) I did interrupt something between her and that disgusting brute Reggie. You don't think she's involved in this?

DOCTOR: (sotto) Don't know. See if you can use the old Smythe charm to find out. She looks terrified. Probably needs a bit of mothering.

EVELYN: (sotto) Right-o. I could do with some mothering myself.

DOCTOR: (sotto) Oh, and Evelyn,

EVELYN: (sotto) Be careful?

DOCTOR: (sotto) You're learning.

(Telephone dialling. Ringing.)

REGGIE: Bob? Reggie. We've got an uninvited guest running round outside. Seems to have forgotten his social graces. Yeah, yeah. I don't want him gate-crashing. I want two men on every door, and make sure they're carrying, okay? (unintelligible) He won't let a locked door stop him. He steps one foot inside my club, he's a dead man.

(Door opens.)

EVELYN: So this is where you live.

CASSIE: Yeah. Home, filthy home.

EVELYN: Oh, it's not too bad. Just needs a lick of paint, that's all.

CASSIE: You didn't have to come, you know.

EVELYN: It's best to be out of the way when the Doctor gets that determined gleam in his eye.

CASSIE: I don't even know who you are.

EVELYN: I can be a friend, because, young lady, you look as though you could do with one.

CASSIE: I'm sorry. I'm not doing very well, am I?

EVELYN: That's all right, dear. Oh, who's this little fellow in the photo? He looks a bonny chap. Nephew?

(Cassie sobs.)

EVELYN: Oh, come on. Don't cry. Whatever is it?

CASSIE: It's my son.

EVELYN: Yours?

CASSIE: Yeah. I had him when I was still at school. I left him with me mam when I came down here to, to make my fortune. No jobs at home. I haven't seen him in months.

EVELYN: Why not?

CASSIE: Because Mam thinks I'm a terrible mother.

EVELYN: Oh, I can't believe that.

CASSIE: No? Look around you. How many good mothers do you know who work in a sleazy casino for a common crook, and allow themselves to get blackmailed?

EVELYN: Blackmailed? Cassie, you're not making any sense.

CASSIE: There's this guy. He smashed his way in here a couple of days before I was due to start at the Dusk. I told him to get lost, but

EVELYN: What happened?

CASSIE: He found out about my Tommy. He says if I don't help him, he'll go back to Bolton and find me mam and Tommy and kill them both.

EVELYN: That's why Reggie caught you snooping around.

CASSIE: Yeah, but I ain't found nothing. Just some stupid book. Oh, useless. I was supposed to meet him again, but with everything that happened, I. Oh, Evelyn, everything's falling apart.

EVELYN: Shh. Don't be silly. Of course it isn't. Now, why don't you go and get that book, and we'll see if there's anything in it. And I'll make us a nice hot drink. Do you have any cocoa?

DOCTOR: This is fascinating. Amelia, take a look at this.

AMELIA: What is it?

DOCTOR: It's a sample of Eddie's blood. Well, apart from the fact it's hardly what you'd call human, do you see *them*?

AMELIA: What are they?

DOCTOR: Nanobots. Tiny microscopic constructs injected into a person's bloodstream. They latched themselves onto Eddie's immune system, reprogramming it from the inside out.

AMELIA: To do what?

DOCTOR: We saw the results of that for ourselves. Our friend Nimrod needed to destroy Eddie's immune system before he got to work on the rest of him. You people have a regenerative system almost as powerful as. Yes, well, never mind.

AMELIA: Nimrod?

DOCTOR: Working on the assumption that this big metal spike we found sticking out of Eddie's chest was his handiwork. Now, look. I think the nanobots are injected directly into the heart through these spikes, effectively neutering the cardiovascular system.

AMELIA: Yes. I can see the mechanism.

DOCTOR: You can? That's some eyesight. Anyway, I took a sample of Nathaniel's blood. It was clear of the nanobots.

AMELIA: Meaning?

DOCTOR: That this Nimrod didn't want to kill him. He was simply sending you a calling card.

(Spoon stirring in mug.)

CASSIE: Oh, I was going to wash up.

EVELYN: Don't worry, dear. When you've been a Halls of Residence warden, nothing can frighten you. Is that the book?

CASSIE: Yeah. Not that it's any use. It's rubbish.

EVELYN: Oh, let's see. (turning pages) Mmm. I don't think so. Bring the cocoa, dear.

CASSIE: You don't?

EVELYN: My ex-husband was something of a buff on war stories. He loved all that code breaking stuff. I couldn't help pick some of it up. Bits of this look familiar. Let's see.

(Doorbell.)

CASSIE: I'd better see who that is.

EVELYN: Now, if three represents H

(Door opens and closes.)

EVELYN: And eight

(Doorbell.)

CASSIE: All right, I heard you.

(Door opens.)

CASSIE: Oh, is it you? (gasps)

EVELYN: No, that's not right.

(Cassie screams in the distance.)

EVELYN: Cassie?

(Vehicle drives away.)

EVELYN: Cassie? Cassie! Oh, what's this. Blood? Oh, no! Cassie! Cassie, is that you? Oh, Cassie.

No, no, no, don't try to move. Where's your mobile? I need to call an ambulance.

CASSIE: (crying) He'll find me.

EVELYN: Oh, all right. I'll take you back to the casino. The Doctor will know what to do. Come on, up, up. Upsy-daisy. Oh, right. Taxi!

DOCTOR: Not a bad day's work, if I might say so myself, and I frequently do.

AMELIA: Yes, it's been most useful, Doctor.

DOCTOR: It's getting late. Won't you be open for business soon?

AMELIA: Yes, I suppose so. Hard to think of the Dusk after all this. That's Reggie's thing.

DOCTOR: Yes, I meant to ask you about that. Why a casino? Surely there are better cover stories.

AMELIA: This place is Reggie's dream. Always lived in fantasies, that boy. Back in the 60s, he idolised the Krays and Harry Starks of this world, saw himself as a new generation of London gangster.

DOCTOR: I can think of better role models than common hoodlums.

AMELIA: True, but the money comes in useful.

DOCTOR: I don't know about you, but I'm ravenous, and as I'm this close to the Slow Boat, I think I'll order another take-away. Do you fancy anything?

AMELIA: No. I'll pop out and grab something later.

DOCTOR: Oh. Well, suit yourself. You don't know what you're missing. Is there a phone I can use?

AMELIA: Yes, of course. Upstairs, in the main gambling room.

DOCTOR: Kung po chicken, special fried rice, I think. Ooo yes, that'll be it.

(Door opens and closes.)

(Echoing voices and a heartbeat.)

AMELIA: Reggie?

REGGIE: You know I hate it when you do that, Millie.

AMELIA: We have a skill. Why squander it?

REGGIE: (sighs) Nobody talks face to face these days. What about the Doctor?

AMELIA: He's been more help than you ever are. What have you found out?

REGGIE: Not good. Looks like he's some kind of UN lackey. Did some work for a special Task Force back in the 70s and 80s, dealing in the unexplained. Turns up out of the blue, sorts everything out, and then vanishes.

AMELIA: The unexplained? (laughs) He should feel right at home here. Is everything set for the transaction?

REGGIE: Yeah. Matthew should be here in a couple of minutes. Join me in the office. Oh, and Millie?

AMELIA: What?

REGGIE: Get out of my head.

DOCTOR: Oh, dear. There I was trying to find the phone and I appear to have got lost. However did that happen? Anyone would think I've done it on purpose. Hello. Private, do not enter. Oh, pity. Maybe I should tell them that that's ancient Gallifreyan for come on in, Doctor, have a snoop round. What could they possibly keep behind here that needs such a sophisticated locking system? (beeping)

Family silver, perhaps? Now let's see. Er, duh duh duh duh. Oh. And (more beeps) Oh, come on. I

suppose you think you're clever, don't you? Well, let me tell you that you're nothing that a sonic screwdriver couldn't open. Or a baseball bat, for that matter.

(Ting! Door slides open.)

DOCTOR: Oh, Mister Mead, I wonder what you're up to. You really should be more careful in all these

corridors. A chap could get followed.

(Door opens and closes.)

REGGIE: Matthew! Oh good to see you again. It's been too long. Amelia sorted you out a drink yet?

MATTHEW: Er, yeah, yeah, thank you.

AMELIA: One for you, Reggie.

REGGIE: Nah, nah, not at the moment. No, no. Now Matthew, you're looking well.

MATTHEW: The years have been good to you too, Reggie.

REGGIE: Yeah, I suppose you could say that, yeah. Right then, business. Let's see the merchandise.

MATTHEW: Here it is.

AMELIA: This isn't nearly enough. Where's the other sample?

REGGIE: Now, Matthew, it's not like you to make an accounting mistake.

MATTHEW: Things change. This doesn't look as good a bet as it did a couple of years ago.

REGGIE: Really. How's the business doing back home, Matthew? Ticking over nicely?

MATTHEW: (nervous) It's going well. The theatre still pulls the punters in.

REGGIE: Good, good. I'd hate to think all that cash I lent you had been wasted.

MATTHEW: It hasn't.

REGGIE: Yeah, I guess that makes me a patron of the arts, doesn't it. (laughs) Who'd have thought of that when we first met, eh? We go back a long way, you and me, eh?

MATTHEW: Yeah, yeah, we do, Reggie, but that doesn't mean

REGGIE: No, no, we don't have to play these little games. We had a deal.

MATTHEW: I can't afford to wait around any longer. I've lost faith in the entire project and it's not just me. There's been talk.

AMELIA: Matthew, you have my assurance that the work is almost complete.

MATTHEW: We've waited decades for your miraculous break-through. Face it, it's not going to happen. Besides, rumour has it that Nimrod's on the prowl.

REGGIE: (laughs) Nimrod? Trust me, Matt. I can take care of Nimrod.

MATTHEW: Yeah, like you did in '71? Took three years to recover, if I remember right. That's what you call taking care of him?

REGGIE: You little

MATTHEW: Get off me!

REGGIE: Tell you what, Matthew. Let's play another game.

AMELIA: Reggie.

REGGIE: Stay out of this, Millie. No, Mattie, do you know what my mother used to play with me? This little piggie. Yeah, I've always enjoyed that one.

MATTHEW: No, no. No, no, please, Reggie, don't.

REGGIE: You're gonna run all the way home back to Bristol.

(Crack of bones, scream.)

REGGIE: You're going to receive only half the payment.

(Crack of bones, scream.)

REGGIE: You'll pick up the remaining merchandise.

(Crack of bones, scream.)

REGGIE: You'll come straight back here and complete the deal.

(Crack of bones, scream.)

REGGIE: And there's no need to worry about Nimrod, because

(Crack of bones, scream)

REGGIE: I'm the only person you need to be afraid of. Are we clear on this?

MATTHEW: Perfectly.

REGGIE: Good. Then we're all friends again. Amelia, give Matthew his payment. Well, half of it, anyway. He'll get the other half on his return.

AMELIA: Of course. Warm, just the way you like it.

REGGIE: Excellent. One for the road, Matt?

(Clink of glasses.)

MATTHEW: No, I'd better get going.

REGGIE: Probably for the best, yeah. You've a long drive ahead. Well, it was good to see you, Matthew. You drive carefully now.

MATTHEW: I will.

(Door opens and closes.)

AMELIA: Reggie, I need that DNA.

REGGIE: (receding) He'll be back.

DOCTOR: Curiouser and curiouser. I think I'd better take a look at that chap's hand. I am a Doctor, after all.

MATTHEW: No, it didn't go too well. It'll take a few minutes for my hand to, you know, and then I'll be off. (unlocks car) We'll have to do what he says. As always. I'll see you in a couple of hours.

(Ends mobile phone call, opens car door.)

DOCTOR: Excuse me. Excuse me, er, Matthew, isn't it? I wonder if we could have a little talk.

MATTHEW: Who the hell are you?

DOCTOR: Sorry, yes, remiss of me. I'm the Doctor, and I couldn't help but overhear your er, conversation with Reggie back there.

MATTHEW: What, you were eavesdropping? On one of Reggie's meetings? You must be a bigger fool than you look. Now if you'll excuse me.

DOCTOR: What exactly were you delivering?

MATTHEW: What the hell has it got to do with you?

(Gets in car. Doctor taps on window.)

DOCTOR: Matthew. Matthew, we really do need to have a chat. I could take a look at that hand.

(Electric window winds down.)

MATTHEW: Look, Doctor, I don't know who you are, but I'd suggest you get away from all this. Trust me, you'll be much safer back wherever you came from. My hand is fine. Now thank you, goodbye.

DOCTOR: Yes, but I

MATTHEW: Goodbye, Doctor.

(Winds window up, starts engine.)

MATTHEW: What? What the? My handbrake's gone.

DOCTOR: Get out, man! Try your brakes again!

MATTHEW: They're completely dead. Oh no, I can't end up in the river.

DOCTOR: Unlock the doors!

MATTHEW: They're stuck! Help me!

DOCTOR: I'm trying! Get out!

(Car rolls into the Thames.)

DOCTOR: Don't panic! You've still got time to get clear. Smash the window. Use the briefcase!

(Glass breaks.)

MATTHEW: Get me out of here!

DOCTOR: Hold on!

MATTHEW: It's burning me! Help! Argh! Help!

DOCTOR: What's happening to you?

(Matthew screaming.)

DOCTOR: It's the water! Here, look, take my. No, not the briefcase. All right, I've got it. Take my hand. Come on, man!

(Bubbles.)

DOCTOR: Briefcase.

(Splashes, thud.)

DOCTOR: What on Earth?

(Heavy footsteps.)

NIMROD: You disappoint me, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Hmm?

NIMROD: After all the myths and legends I've heard about you, I'd hoped our first meeting would be more auspicious.

DOCTOR: Nimrod, I presume?

REGGIE: Millie, where's the Doctor?

AMELIA: He went to. He should be back by now.

REGGIE: What?

(Uses mobile phone. No reply.)

REGGIE: You shouldn't have let him out of your sight.

(Door opens and closes.)

NIMROD: So you still haven't worked it out?

DOCTOR: Worked out what, exactly?

NIMROD: I'm disappointed, Doctor. Your file back at the Forge made for impressive reading, but I'm afraid in the flesh you don't live up to expectations.

DOCTOR: Oh, I'll get over it. Just tell me why you have no qualms about persecuting these poor people.

NIMROD: (laughs) Amelia really has woven her spell on you, hasn't she? These poor people have more blood on their hands than most dictators see in a lifetime, Doctor.

REGGIE: The old pot's not afraid to call the kettle black, eh, Nimrod?

NIMROD: Reggie. I do like reunions. But where's that mistress of yours skulking.

REGGIE: (distant) You always did get it wrong, Nimrod. There's only one boss around here.

NIMROD: (distant) I don't think so.

(Roar.)

NIMROD: Nathaniel!

DOCTOR: No!

(Whimpering.)

NIMROD: You're wasting your time, Doctor. He's nothing more than an animal.

REGGIE: Nimrod, I'm warning you.

DOCTOR: As am I.

NIMROD: I beg your pardon, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I'm holding a taser directly above your spinal column, capable of putting a hundred thousand volts across your entire nervous system. Put Nathaniel down.

NIMROD: And if I don't?

DOCTOR: An old friend of mine was rather fond of the expression zap. I think that's rather appropriate in this case.

NIMROD: Very well. Zap away.

DOCTOR: Don't say I didn't warn you.

(Electricity.)

NIMROD: Ooo, that tickles.

DOCTOR: I don't understand.

NIMROD: Confusing, isn't it? Now what was that, put Nathaniel down? As you wish.

(Nathaniel screams, thud, sizzle.)

DOCTOR: That was unnecessary!

NIMROD: Was it? You surprise me, Doctor. After all I've read of you, siding with these creatures.

Want to know why they're so scared of me? Have a look in Matthew's briefcase.

DOCTOR: I don't see what good. Blood bags?

NIMROD: It doesn't strike you as odd that a London casino makes its payments in blood money?

DOCTOR: I don't understand.

NIMROD: Not sunk in yet? Why don't you take a look at Reggie's reflection?

REGGIE: You're dead, Nimrod.

NIMROD: He doesn't seem to have one, does he? I wonder where it went.

DOCTOR: No. No, that's not possible.

NIMROD: Oh, I'm afraid it is, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Vampires?

[Part Three]

REGGIE: This doesn't concern you, Doctor.

NIMROD: Not wanting to harm innocent bystanders, Reggie? That isn't like you at all.

DOCTOR: Vampires. I should have known.

NIMROD: Suddenly it's all crystal clear, isn't it. Aiding and abetting the undead, Doctor. That won't look good on the CV.

REGGIE: Out of the way, Doctor.

NIMROD: I'd do as he says. This could get messy.

REGGIE: We finish this now.

DOCTOR: This is all wrong! This is not necessary.

(Reggie attacks briefly.)

NIMROD: Did I forget to mention my new armour? A Great White couldn't rip its way through this stuff. Bonded polycarbide. It's amazing what ends up at the Forge. Bad toothache? Here, let me give you something for the pain.

DOCTOR: Stop this!

NIMROD: I've waited a long time for this, Reggie.

AMELIA: Hello, Nimrod.

(Shotgun blast.)

AMELIA: Inside, both of you.

DOCTOR: Are you insane?

AMELIA: What are you babbling about?

DOCTOR: You didn't think it necessary to tell me about your peculiar drinking habits, or the fact that you sleep in a coffin?

AMELIA: Oh, I expected more from you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: You're a vampire!

AMELIA: In your eyes I'm a vampire because that's the label you choose to give me. Whatever we are, we still need your help.

DOCTOR: And if I refuse?

REGGIE: Don't argue, Doctor. Move!

DOCTOR: What about Nimrod? He's gone.

REGGIE: Nothing's ever kosher where Nimrod's concerned. Come on!

AMELIA: Don't worry, we won't bite.

(Door slams, beep of mobile phone.)

REGGIE: It's Reggie. Where the hell have you been? (continues under dialogue)

DOCTOR: Why didn't you tell me that the Forge scientists took the DNA sample from a vampire?

AMELIA: Would it have made any difference?

DOCTOR: I'm supposed to be helping you.

AMELIA: Would you have believed me if I'd told you?

(Reggie's phone call ends.)

DOCTOR: You didn't even try. Well, now's your chance. Start talking and don't stop until I know everything.

(Thumping on door.)

REGGIE: What the hell is that?

DOCTOR: Sounds like the side door to me.

AMELIA: Nimrod.

(Thumping on door, footsteps.)

DOCTOR: He's persistent, I'll give him that.

(Knocking.)

DOCTOR: In my considerable experience, homicidal maniacs don't tend to knock. Open the door, Amelia.

REGGIE: Don't be a fool.

DOCTOR: Oh, for Heaven's sake. I'll do it.

(Unlocks door and opens.)

DOCTOR: Evelyn!

EVELYN: (breathless) Oh, Doctor, you're a sight for sore eyes. Could you give me a hand with poor Cassie?

DOCTOR: What happened?

(Door closes. Cassie crying.)

EVELYN: We had a house call.

DOCTOR: Well, well. He gets everywhere, doesn't he?

EVELYN: She's lost a lot of blood.

AMELIA: I think we could do something about that.

DOCTOR: No, I'll see to this.

(Lift ding, doors open, footsteps. Bottle uncorked, liquid poured.)

REGGIE: In my considerable experience, homicidal maniacs don't tend to knock. Ha! Well, Doc, in my considerable experience, who died and made *you* the kingpin round here? (drinks and pours another) Nobody tells me how to do business. Not you, Doctor. Not anybody. Thirty years I've run this club, and in thirty years no one has dared tell me what to do. It's all down to respect, see. I've got respect. Reggie the Gent, me, earned his respect. Who cares that it costs? Nothing's free in this world any more. (drinks) All you need is manners and a good, solid baseball bat. With a baseball bat, people pay attention.

(Smashes bottle, glass and anything else nearby.)

REGGIE: You think you made me, Nimrod, but Reggie Mead is his own man.

AMELIA: (telepathy) Reggie, what's going on? Are you all right up there?

REGGIE: (telepathy) Yeah. Yeah. Just fixing meself a little drink, letting off steam.
AMELIA: (telepathy) There's no time for that. The Doctor's almost finished with Cassie. She doesn't look good. We have to move on to the next stage now.
REGGIE: (telepathy) Oh, whatever, Millie. I'll be right down. Now get lost. Giving me an headache.
AMELIA: (telepathy) Don't come apart on me, Reggie. I need you.
REGGIE: (telepathy) I haven't heard you say that in a long time. I'm on me way. Just want to finish my drink. Wouldn't want it to start clotting.

(Door opens and closes.)

EVELYN: How is she?

DOCTOR: Oh, she'll be fine. Mind, you were right, she'd lost a lot of blood. But I've given her some (pause) replacement.

EVELYN: Spare blood? Where on Earth did you get that?

DOCTOR: You don't want to know. She's sleeping soundly now in Reggie's office.

EVELYN: You look exhausted.

DOCTOR: It's days like this, Evelyn, that I really feel every inch my age.

EVELYN: Tell me.

DOCTOR: No, no, just another fine mess I've got myself into. Oh, I should have seen! All the signs were there.

EVELYN: What signs? What's happened?

DOCTOR: You know, I wish Abraham were here. He'd know what to do.

EVELYN: Abraham? Who's Abraham? Doctor, you're not making any sense.

DOCTOR: Yes, yes. Old Bram was the greatest authority on these matters outside Gallifrey. To think he wasted it on that dreadful book. Far too melodramatic for my taste.

EVELYN: Outside Gallifrey?

DOCTOR: Well yes, of course.

EVELYN: Oh, I should have guessed. It only stands to reason, after all.

DOCTOR: What does?

EVELYN: That before too long you'd bring your lot into it. I'm used to it by now.

DOCTOR: *My* lot?

EVELYN: Are all Time Lords this arrogant, or is it just you? Do you all believe that your beloved Gallifrey is the centre of the galaxy?

DOCTOR: Well, actually it is. You see, Kasterborous is in

EVELYN: Oh, please, Doctor. Will you just listen to me for once? We're in a squalid little hole in Bermondsey. What on Earth has Reggie's little blood feud got to do with Gallifrey, and all its pomp and circumstance?

DOCTOR: What's it got to do? Oh, Evelyn, you have no idea how

EVELYN: Explain it to me, then! Talk to me, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Helping those creatures out there goes against every fibre of my being. They hunted down my people wherever they fled, enslaved entire worlds, and why? Because we were fool enough to free them from their own dimension. *We* unleashed their evil into the universe. It's the duty of every Time Lord to ensure that whenever they're found, they are hunted down and destroyed!

EVELYN: You're not making any sense. How could the Time Lords be responsible for a two bit mobster? You're blowing this out of all proportion.

DOCTOR: You can't understand. You'll never understand.

EVELYN: Trust me, Doctor, that's something I learned as soon as I stepped on board the Tardis.

DOCTOR: And the Tardis is exactly where you should be. I promise, I'll explain everything, but for now you're going to have to trust me. You need to get out of here. Go back to the Tardis and wait for me. Take the key. What I have to do won't take long.

EVELYN: What about Cassie? I can't leave her.

DOCTOR: Take her with you, then. Just please go.

EVELYN: And meanwhile you're

DOCTOR: I'll be putting something right that should never have happened.

EVELYN: Oh, all right. I'll take her back to the Tardis. But when you get back, we are going to have a long talk about this need to know philosophy of yours.

DOCTOR: I, I, I understand.

EVELYN: Oh, I found this at Cassie's flat. Some kind of journal. Here, might be useful.

DOCTOR: Oh, thank you. And Evelyn, take care.

EVELYN: And you, Doctor.

(Door opens and closes.)

(Reggie's mobile phone rings.)

REGGIE: Reggie Mead. Yeah. Well, what have you found? Oh, come on. How difficult is it to find a man with a shotgun hole in him? Look, I know we've got all manner of freaks on the streets around here, but he should be quite conspicuous. Do I sound like I care about your problems? Just do your job, and I'll let you keep your heart. Understood?

(Door opens.)

AMELIA: Have we calmed down yet, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Calmed down? No, we haven't.

(Door closes.)

AMELIA: I can see you're upset, but that's only natural under the circumstances.

DOCTOR: And what exactly would you people know about natural?

AMELIA: I would have thought petty insults were beneath a man of your intellect.

DOCTOR: An intellect you saw fit to insult. I put my faith in you and you abused it.

AMELIA: What exactly are you going to do, stop me? Push a stake through my heart? You're no better than those fools at the Forge. Do you think I asked for this? Do you think I longed for the hunger, the pain of watching those you love grow old and die when Time never touches you?

DOCTOR: Well

AMELIA: Do you think I want to spend my life here, working in a two bit casino? I'm here because a failing Empire started playing with powers they didn't even know existed, and got it wrong! And you're blaming me for trying to put that right. How dare you!

DOCTOR: Amelia, I'm not blaming *you*. It's difficult for me because you're

AMELIA: Because we're different? Because we're not like you?

DOCTOR: (sighs) Yes. Yes, you're probably right. It's just, oh, never mind. It's not important. We are still fighting for the same goal, I suppose.

AMELIA: Yes, we are. But which side are you fighting on, Doctor?

DOCTOR: How long have you been like this? When did the experiments at the Forge really take place?

AMELIA: I received my first injection on September the twelfth 1915. All part of the war effort. Immortality and the natural killer instinct were seen as a boon when penetrating behind the Kaiser's lines. I remember when I first met Reggie, or Reginald as he was called then. He was suffering from shell shock. Lucky to be alive, really. And then there was Nathaniel. Pretty, pretty Nathaniel. Such a sensitive, sweet soul. Never got over losing his reflection. That and the constant hunger.

DOCTOR: The best way to remember Nathaniel is to push on with our work. Together, we can beat this.

(Creaking floorboards.)

EVELYN: Cassie? Cassie, wake up.

CASSIE: Wha? Evelyn?

EVELYN: No, no, don't try to move.

CASSIE: What's happening?

EVELYN: I wish I knew, but the Doctor's playing his cards very close to his chest. All I know is that we have got to get you out of here.

CASSIE: I can't go back to the flat.

EVELYN: Don't you worry about that. We have a place that's completely safe. All we have to do is to get you there. Here, let me help you up.

CASSIE: I'm not sure if I can.

(Door opens.)

REGGIE: Now, Doctor Smythe, don't you know it's dangerous to move someone with extensive injuries?

EVELYN: Oh, Mister Mead, didn't see you. I was just er, trying to make sure Cassie was comfortable.

REGGIE: Yeah, 'course you were, yeah, yeah. Well, I'm afraid I'm going to have to drag you away from your Florence Nightingale duties.

EVELYN: Why is that?

REGGIE: Well, the Doctor wants you down in the lab. Said he needs you to go and fetch something for him.

CASSIE: Don't leave me with him, Evelyn.

REGGIE: Well, it did seem quite urgent. Life or death, he said.

EVELYN: Oh, everything's life or death for the Doctor. I'd better go and see what he wants. I'll be back

in two ticks, Cassie. Don't worry.

CASSIE: Evelyn, please.

REGGIE: Good girl. Now don't worry, I'll make sure Cassie's (unintelligible)

(Door closes.)

REGGIE: Cassie, my darling. How are you feeling, eh? Old Nimrod had a field day on you, didn't he.

CASSIE: Reggie, please. I'm really tired.

REGGIE: I know, I know. The Doctor says you should rest, and God forbid we should go against what the Doctor wants. Is there anything I can get you?

CASSIE: No, I'll be fine, honestly.

REGGIE: I'm sure you will. Still, it's such a shame to see your pretty little face so beat up. Such a pretty little face.

CASSIE: Get off me!

REGGIE: Ah, such a long, slender neck.

CASSIE: (crying) Reggie, please.

REGGIE: Tired, are we? You'd better lie down. Here, let me help you. (slap) Sorry, did that hurt?

CASSIE: What are you doing? Leave me alone. Ow!

REGGIE: I forgot. Your arm's broken, innit. Silly me. Now, would you like me to snap the other?

CASSIE: Why are you doing this?

REGGIE: Because you thought you could sell old Reggie out.

(Cassie screams.)

REGGIE: You're gonna tell me exactly how long you've been working with Nimrod.

CASSIE: Go to Hell!

REGGIE: (laughs) I've already been there. Overrated. Well, if you want to play, you've picked the right guy. I love a good game.

CASSIE: Please, Reggie, I don't know anything.

REGGIE: You know, back in the trenches we caught ourselves one of the Kaiser's boys. And would you believe it, the stupid little Hun didn't fancy talking. Strange thing was that once we started to put fags out on his back, we couldn't shut him up. Then we moved on to his eyes. Times change and so do the tools, but the principles stay the same.

CASSIE: No!

DOCTOR: Eureka! That's it. I was right.

AMELIA: What? Have you found something?

DOCTOR: I think so. Look. Under the right conditions, I believe it's possible to reprogramme these nanobots.

AMELIA: I don't see how that will help.

DOCTOR: It's obvious. They're self-replicating. Given the right nudge, they'll swarm over the immune system, reprogramming it. Boost it in the right areas.

AMELIA: Yes, I think I see what you mean.

DOCTOR: (unintelligible) completely, but it's a step in the right direction at least. Once the immune system is rebuilt, the nanobots can set about putting right the alterations to your DNA.

AMELIA: Doctor, thank you. That's exactly the direction I've been searching for.

DOCTOR: Oh, don't thank me yet. We've still got a long way to go.

(Door opens.)

EVELYN: Well, here I am, Doctor.

(Door closes.)

DOCTOR: Evelyn? I thought you were with Cassie.

EVELYN: We were about to leave, and you sent that gorilla along to call me here. What's so important? I didn't like leaving her there with him. No offence.

AMELIA: None taken.

DOCTOR: I didn't send for you.

EVELYN: But Reggie said. Oh, no. Cassie!

AMELIA: (sotto) Up to your old tricks, Reggie.

DOCTOR: We'd better get up there.

(Cassie whimpers in agony.)

REGGIE: That's right, my dear. I'd have a little nap if I were you. You deserve it after all that hard work. Besides, you'll need all your strength to start screaming when you see what's happened to your face. (laughs)

DOCTOR [OC]: Reggie!

DOCTOR: Open this door! Reggie, open the. Oh, it's no use, I'll have to break it down. Stand back.
(Takes a run up and shoulders the door open.)

DOCTOR: Cassie!

EVELYN: Oh no, I think I'm going to be sick.

DOCTOR: What have you been doing? You monster, how dare you!

AMELIA: Oh, Reggie, have you been playing?

REGGIE: We've been having fun, me and Cassie. Afraid I might have broken her, though. Pity.

AMELIA: You've always been too rough with your toys.

EVELYN: Doctor, we have to get out of here.

DOCTOR: Amelia, are you going to stand by and let him get away with this outrage? He's gone too far this time.

AMELIA: Oh, Doctor, shut up.

DOCTOR: I beg your pardon?

AMELIA: I've had enough of your inane chattering. Reggie, what have you learnt?

REGGIE: Nimrod knows nothing. He's just making noise and hoping we'll be scared off.

AMELIA: It doesn't matter either way. The Doctor has just given us the key to completing the Twilight virus.

DOCTOR: What?

AMELIA: It pains me to say it, but I'd never considered attacking the body through the immune system. Let the body do all the work, cushioning the shock. Brilliant, Doctor!

DOCTOR: Am I missing something here? What you're proposing completely goes against what we're working towards. That's no way to construct a cure.

AMELIA: (laughs) A cure? Do you still think we're working on a cure?

EVELYN: Doctor, I've had enough of this. What's going on? What have you two been concocting?

DOCTOR: I think I've just made a fatal error of judgement.

EVELYN: Who are these people?

AMELIA: Hasn't he told you? How remiss of you, Doctor. Go on, tell her.

EVELYN: I don't understand.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, I'm afraid I've placed you in a lot of danger. Reggie and Amelia are, oh, they are

REGGIE: Go on, Doc. Say it.

DOCTOR: Vampires.

EVELYN: You're joking!

DOCTOR: I only wish I were.

EVELYN: But, but they don't look like

AMELIA: Vampires? I don't suppose we do. But appearances can be deceptive.

DOCTOR: I can't believe I've been so stupid. You don't want to reverse the effects of a virus.

AMELIA: Of course not. I want to perfect the virus, correct the mistakes of the war.

DOCTOR: And turn it on humanity today.

AMELIA: Reggie, get a couple of your boys to take Evelyn and Cassie to the lab. I have one final test to carry out.

REGGIE: And what about laughing boy here? Fancy a snack?

AMELIA: No, lock him up. Someone with two hearts is far too interesting to kill on a whim.

DOCTOR: What? How did you know?

AMELIA: I heard them beating the moment you stepped through the door.

DOCTOR: Oof! Don't tell me you're going to let her go ahead with this.

REGGIE: Sorry, Doc. On this manor I say what's right and wrong.

DOCTOR: Oh yes, I remember. Reggie Mead, the moral guardian of sarf east London.

REGGIE: Don't forget it!

DOCTOR: Oh, wake up, Reggie. This stopped being a game five minutes ago. You're not in a gangster movie. We're talking about the birth of a new race. A race that has no right to exist.

REGGIE: You never shut up, do you!

DOCTOR: Doesn't it worry you?

REGGIE: What?

DOCTOR: Oh, hasn't it penetrated that tiny mind? Once Amelia starts turning innocent people into vampires, you won't be the big fish in this small pool of blood any more. She won't need you.

REGGIE: Nice try, Doctor. See you at breakfast.

(Door slams.)

DOCTOR: You'll be nothing more than a pet to her, like Nathaniel! Do you hear me, Reggie! Oh,

stupid, stupid, stupid Time Lord.
(Kicks door.)

(Cassie whimpers.)

AMELIA: I'm sorry, darling. Is that a bit tight?

CASSIE: Where am I?

AMELIA: Don't worry. You're safe now.

EVELYN: Untie us. Now!

AMELIA: Ah, Doctor Smythe. Comfortable?

EVELYN: I've been tied up by scarier folk than you, young lady.

CASSIE: My face hurts. Why?

AMELIA: Reggie can be a bit enthusiastic. I'm sorry. I would have given you some pain killers, but I don't want them to interfere with this.

EVELYN: What's that?

AMELIA: If I were being melodramatic, I'd call it a blood-soaked dawn for the human race. Otherwise it's just a syringe.

EVELYN: What kind of vampire needs a syringe to turn people, anyway? Don't you just bite them?

AMELIA: Yes, just like we're afraid of crucifixes, holy water, and garlic breath. Don't believe everything you see on the silver screen. It was one of the problems of the Forge experiments. They couldn't isolate the element that enabled vampires to reproduce, so I had to find a new way. And science has provided the answer.

CASSIE: I don't understand.

AMELIA: You will. There's no need to worry about that. I just hope Reggie's left a vein intact.

(Slaps skin.)

AMELIA: There we are.

EVELYN: Why can't you work with the Doctor to reverse this?

AMELIA: Because I don't want to. Now please, can you keep it down? I have work to do. Now, Cassie, don't you worry. This won't hurt a bit.

(Thumping on door.)

DOCTOR: Evelyn! (sighs) Oh, what have I done?

[Part Four]

(Cassie screams.)

AMELIA: It's working.

EVELYN: What have you done to her? You monster!

AMELIA: I've given her a gift. A wonderful, delicious gift. I doubt a withered frame like yours has the capacity to understand.

EVELYN: I understand enough to know that you murder, extort, and pervert the world for your own ends.

AMELIA: Extort? No, my dear. That's Reggie's job. I just take care of the murdering.

EVELYN: You're inhuman.

AMELIA: Shut up! You don't know the meaning of the word.

DOCTOR: I've got to get out of here. I've got to get. Oh, it's no use, Doctor. Sealed tight. Oh, Evelyn, how can you ever forgive me? It's at times like this I really wish I'd listened to Houdini. Come on, think. Think! (pats pockets) There's got to be something in here. No, this. Ah! Now, wait a minute. Of course. The journal Evelyn found. Looks like a fairly simple code. Journal of Doctor William Abberton, Project Twilight. Well, Doctor Abberton, as I don't appear to be going anywhere, perhaps you can provide the key to this ghastly mess. Let's see.

(Cassie sighs.)

EVELYN: Cassie?

CASSIE: What? What happened to me.

AMELIA: You are the first. You have risen to the next level of human evolution.

CASSIE: I feel different, stronger.

AMELIA: The virus washes through you. It is ready to unleash upon the cattle that walk the Earth. Are you ready to take your place at my side?

EVELYN: Don't listen to her. You're still you. Still a mother. You don't have to become a monster.

CASSIE: I don't know. I can't think. There are too many voices in my head.

AMELIA: What to do with Doctor Smythe? I was lucky, Evelyn. When that gutless doctor carried out his abhorrence on me, I was in the prime of life, my good looks preserved forever. But you're old, past your best, wouldn't you say?

EVELYN: You're only as young as you feel.

AMELIA: What if I let the virus do its work on your tired body? How do you think that would feel?

DOCTOR: (reading) Every day they ask for more, ask me to destroy more souls. How much longer can I endure this knowing each time I carry out this perversion, we step closer to damnation. But for King and Country, isn't that what they say? Huh. King and Country? Is that how you justified all this bloodshed, Doctor Abberton?

(Door unbarred.)

DOCTOR: Now what? If you're coming in, come in.

(Door opens.)

NIMROD: I could snap you in half in a second, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Some of the best people in the universe have tried, and I'm still waiting for someone to get it right. I wondered when you'd show up again.

NIMROD: It takes more than a shotgun to slow me down, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Must be that polycarbide armour of yours.

NIMROD: Must be. What made you think I was coming back?

DOCTOR: Call it intuition, but you don't strike me as the type to leave a job half done.

NIMROD: I need your help.

DOCTOR: I'm flattered.

NIMROD: You've walked these corridors. You know the layout.

DOCTOR: And I have a friend who is in grave danger, so if you'll excuse me. Oh!

NIMROD: Like I said, I need your help. There's something down here, I can sense it, and you're going to help me find it.

DOCTOR: And if I say no? Ah, I see. Good reason.

AMELIA: How do you feel, Cassie? Open up your senses. What do you see?

CASSIE: The colours. Bright. It hurts my eyes.

AMELIA: That will change. Everything will become second nature, trust me. You just can't comprehend what this new dawn will bring you. It will be as if you have been blind and deaf all your life, and are opening your eyes and ears for the very first time.

CASSIE: I think I understand.

AMELIA: (telepathy) Do you hear my thoughts, Cassie? Can you touch my mind?

CASSIE: (telepathy) Yes. I hear you.

AMELIA: Fascinating. You're stronger than I could possibly have imagined. You're the first-born of a new breed.

EVELYN: Cassie. Cassie, don't listen to her. She's talking rubbish.

CASSIE: No, I can hear things. Voices, above on the street. The Doctor, he's upset about something. He's cursing.

EVELYN: The Doctor? Where is he?

AMELIA: What else? What can you hear in this room?

CASSIE: Blood. Blood rushing, gurgling through veins, arteries. Oh, it's deafening.

EVELYN: Cassie, what are you saying?

CASSIE: I can hear your blood, Evelyn.

EVELYN: Now, steady on.

CASSIE: Amelia, I'm hungry.

AMELIA: Of course you are, my dear. And if you're hungry, you should feed. Don't you agree, Doctor Smythe?

DOCTOR: We're here. I'm betting whatever they've got stashed behind this typically overstated security door is integral to Amelia's plans.

NIMROD: I'll take care of anyone who tries to stop us getting in there.

DOCTOR: No more deaths. I mean it.

NIMROD: Moral crusaders like you always look for the other way, Doctor, but does that help wash away the blood that already stains your hands?

DOCTOR: You're no better than Amelia or Reggie. One murderer is much the same as any other.

NIMROD: We don't have time for semantics, Doctor. Just get that door open.

DOCTOR: Very well. This could take some time. It's quite a sophisticated system. Now why don't you keep watch

(Door unlocks with a sizzle of electricity.)

DOCTOR: Brutal but effective, I suppose, Where has all the finesse gone in the universe? Now, time to see what's in the cupboard.

(Heavy door opened.)

DOCTOR: Oh, my word. What on

REGGIE: Doctor? Rise and shine. Let's see if you've calmed down a little. Brought you some breakfast. It's nothing much, just a few eggs, but I've got to keep your strength up.

(Keypad beeps, door unlocks.)

REGGIE: There's no point in letting you starve. I want you fit enough to put up a

(Roar of rage.)

REGGIE: I don't know how you did it, Doctor, but you're not making a fool of Reggie Mead again. You've played your last joker.

(Walking, lots of moaning.)

DOCTOR: This is an abomination. These poor, poor people.

NIMROD: The blood farm. Amelia surpassed herself this time. I always knew she'd go far.

DOCTOR: There must be over a hundred cages in here.

NIMROD: Full of nothing but cattle.

DOCTOR: Open your eyes, Nimrod. These are human beings, trapped, enslaved, their very lives being sucked dry.

NIMROD: Ingenious. They're constantly fed nutrients, kept alive to provide a never-ending supply of blood. A constant harvest for the blood-suckers.

DOCTOR: It's abhorrent, and it will stop now.

NIMROD: For once we're agreed. This place must be destroyed. That door at the other end, I imagine it leads into the tunnels under the Thames. So that's how Amelia and the others get about in secret. Ah well, I'm carrying enough explosives to block them off and take out this whole place. No one will ever know

DOCTOR: Explosives? You're not seriously considering. We have to free these people.

NIMROD: You're not suggesting we take them with us?

DOCTOR: Of course I am. Is death and destruction your answer to everything? There's been enough slaughter here tonight. There will be no more innocent deaths.

(Nimrod is setting timers.)

NIMROD: They're nothing but animals. Go on if you think you can help them. Open the gates, let them loose. They don't even know we're here.

DOCTOR: That's exactly what I intend to do. Go on, you're free. Go. Move, move. Come on, and you. Come on! Out! Come on! Move, move, all of you.

(Cassie is deep breathing.)

AMELIA: See how eager she is, Evelyn? I hope you're worth the wait.

EVELYN: Oh no, not me. I'm a trifle overdone. Tough as old boots. I wouldn't bother if I were you.

AMELIA: Oh, don't put yourself down, Evelyn. Some blood matures over time. You never know, you could be a good vintage.

EVELYN: Lucky old me.

(Klaxon sounds.)

EVELYN: Now what?

AMELIA: The blood farm! They could find their way into one of the old escape tunnels.

(Door opens.)

REGGIE: The Doctor's escaped!

AMELIA: What! How?

REGGIE: Three guesses.

CASSIE: Nimrod. I can hear their voices.

AMELIA: At least we know where they are. Stay here and make sure Cassie is okay. She's one of us now.

REGGIE: It's not safe for you. Look, me and the boys could deal with this.

AMELIA: Be quiet, you stupid little man! I've seen how you dealt with Nimrod,

(Door closes.)

EVELYN: You handled that well. Good to see you're in control of your staff.

REGGIE: Ha, I wouldn't be so cocky, Doctor Smythe. You're still trussed up like an oven-ready turkey and surrounded by two vampires. Not looking too good, is it?

CASSIE: Untie me. Let me feed!

DOCTOR: Come on, go. You're free. Don't you understand? Oh, why don't they move?

NIMROD: Because they've never known anything but the inside of those cages. They've never learned how to be human. This is their world.

DOCTOR: I can't believe anyone would do anything so inhuman. The living dead feeding off the undead. People who've never heard a human voice, never loved or been loved. A sad, sad waste.

AMELIA: It's all a matter of perspective, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Why?

AMELIA: Survival. We deserve that right, at least. At first we hunted freely. After the war nobody missed a few hundred more lost souls among the millions.

DOCTOR: You disgust me.

AMELIA: As time passed, things got more difficult. The world's police became ever more sophisticated. We stopped being able to use the tunnels to central London, weren't able to move freely. People are missed. We needed another source of food.

NIMROD: So you started to breed your own humans.

AMELIA: Yes, back in the early 80s. The age of opportunity and commerce. What we didn't need, we sold to other Forge victims in return for DNA to continue my experiments into perfecting the Twilight virus.

DOCTOR: And you didn't even look for another way?

AMELIA: Why should I? We had food and a working prototype to expand into mass production once the virus was complete. And this fool will destroy everything.

NIMROD: You know what they say, Amelia. For King and Country.

AMELIA: (laughs) For King and Country? Of course.

DOCTOR: What did you say? Last I heard, there was a Queen on the throne.

AMELIA: You mean he hasn't introduced himself properly? Allow me. Doctor, this is my creator and would-be executioner. Code name Nimrod. Also known as

DOCTOR: Doctor William Abberton.

REGGIE: She's all yours. Suck the old bird dry. You never forget the first taste of blood.

CASSIE: Release her. I want her to run. I want to feel her fear.

REGGIE: You're a fast learner. I can see you and me are going to get on just fine, darling.

CASSIE: Just do it.

REGGIE: Sorry about this, Evelyn. I fancied a bite on you meself. Always had a thing for the older woman.

EVELYN: Just get it over with.

REGGIE: Go on, darling, have fun.

CASSIE: Oh, I will.

(Bones crack.)

REGGIE: You little

CASSIE: Fast learner. No, don't get up. When I first started work here, I heard you telling some of the lads how easy it was to snap a man's legs, Reggie. Shall we see how fast a learner I really am?

NIMROD: Amelia left me for dead, that night.

(Memories.)

AMELIA: It's far too late for that, Doctor.

ABBERTON: No!

(Slash, slash, cries out.)

NIMROD: I lived. Don't know if it was force of will that kept me alive, but something did. I had to stay alive, and to put right my mistake. As I bled to death, I had the Twilight virus in my grasp.

DOCTOR: So you injected yourself.

NIMROD: I became what I despised, my own creation.

DOCTOR: But I've seen you walk in the daylight.

NIMROD: That's the thing with the Forge, Doctor. They can fix anything. Years of experimentation, augmentations, whatever they could throw at me in between vampire hunting, changed me. I don't know where man, machine or vampire ends or begins any more.

DOCTOR: A real bloodbath you've all concocted for yourselves.

NIMROD: Project Twilight ends tonight.

AMELIA: You won't get very far without this.

(Click of weapon.)

DOCTOR: Put it down, Amelia.

AMELIA: I've always appreciated fine craftsmanship. Now, who am I going to shoot first? My saviour or my creator?

CASSIE: Isn't this one of your friend Nimrod's arrows? I like it. It's solid and dependable. Not like the low-lives who've walked all over me, like you.

REGGIE: Cassie, put it, put that down.

CASSIE: (laughs) Stakes are high, Reggie. You're a gambling man, aren't you?

REGGIE: You haven't got the bottle.

CASSIE: Try me.

REGGIE: You can't kill me, sweetheart. Who else is going to teach you how to be a good little vamp, eh? You and me, we don't need Amelia. We can whatever we want, for free, right here. Don't worry, Reggie the Gent'll look after you. Urgh! Argh! Argh, you little stupid little (gurgles, roars, thud, splat.)

CASSIE: All bets are off.

DOCTOR: Put the crossbow down.

AMELIA: Not just yet.

(Click whoosh, Nimrod in pain.)

AMELIA: Let's see how those augmentations cope with an arrow through the jugular. Now, gentlemen, I really must be going.

DOCTOR: You're not going anywhere.

AMELIA: You've lost, Doctor, everything. Cassie is one of us. I have the virus here. It's perfect, and ready to release.

DOCTOR: If you harmed Evelyn

AMELIA: I doubt there'll be much left of her.

DOCTOR: You evil

AMELIA: Not strong enough, Doctor.

(Throws him off, hurries away.)

NIMROD: Doctor, I

DOCTOR: Are you

NIMROD: I'll live. I always do. Get after her. That tunnel could take her into the City, all the people she could need to try her virus on.

(Cassie crying.)

EVELYN: Cassie? Cassie.

CASSIE: Get away from me!

EVELYN: I only want to help.

CASSIE: I'm not safe! Not for you, not for anyone!

EVELYN: I only want to

CASSIE: Leave me alone!

(Door opens and closes.)

EVELYN: Cassie!

NIMROD: God speed, Doctor.

(Beep.)

COMPUTER: Detonation in four minutes. Three fifty nine. Three fifty eight. Three fifty seven. Three fifty six.

(Breathless Doctor stops running.)

AMELIA: Beautiful, isn't it?

DOCTOR: Yes, there's nothing quite like the dawn over a bustling city. You're not affected by the sunlight, are you, Amelia?

AMELIA: No. Nor Reggie, or Nimrod, or many of the others. Nate was. The Forge gave us all differing weaknesses, you see, just in case they needed to stop us. Some of us are afraid of fire, others of silver or lead.

DOCTOR: And poor Matthew with the running river water.

AMELIA: They couldn't even get that right, those so-called scientists at the Forge. Oh, they liked their legends, even the ones that don't feature vampires. I remember one of Reggie's friends, about twenty

years ago, was destroyed by helium.

DOCTOR: And you, Amelia? What's your weakness?

AMELIA: Do you know, Doctor, I haven't a clue. I've never had the desire to find out. What's your weakness, Doctor, beyond a streak of self-sacrifice for the millions of potential cattle out there?

DOCTOR: Amelia, give me the vial. Give me the virus. Please?

AMELIA: All I have to do is crush this in my hand, and the next sunrise over this city will be dripping blood.

DOCTOR: It doesn't have to be like this. I can help you. Together we can reverse the damage Nimrod did to all of you. Live your lives.

AMELIA: No. He took my life and flung it aside, leaving an aberration, a vessel of inhumanity in its place.

DOCTOR: So you punish the rest of humanity for somebody else's crime?

AMELIA: Punish? I'm saving them!

COMPUTER: Seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, zero.

(Kaboom! Alarms go off.)

(The explosion is heard here.)

DOCTOR: No! Evelyn! Oh, Evelyn.

AMELIA: The Dusk is gone, Doctor. Every connection to my past.

DOCTOR: Yes, it's all been destroyed. The blood farm, Nimrod, Reggie, maybe Evelyn too.

Everything that remains of Project Twilight is now just a pile of rubble in a back alley on the other side of the river.

AMELIA: Everything? Not quite everything. I still have our little triumph from the lab. Yours and mine, Doctor. How do you think the Thames will look when it runs red with death?

DOCTOR: No!

AMELIA: You cretin

(They struggle, cry out and Splash! The Doctor surfaces, gasping.)

EVELYN: Doctor!

DOCTOR: The vial! Where's the vial?

(Deep breath, dives.)

EVELYN: Doctor!

(Sirens approach.)

EVELYN: Come on, Doctor.

(Surfaces.)

DOCTOR: Got it!

EVELYN: Oh, thank the Lord. For a minute I thought you'd gone to sleep with the fishes.

DOCTOR: Fishes? In the Thames? You're optimistic.

(Actually there are over 125 species in the Thames, and dolphins and seals coming in to feed on them.)

EVELYN: (effort) Fishing you out of this river in front of the Tower of London is becoming habit forming. Oh.

DOCTOR: Ah, thank heavens you're safe.

EVELYN: Only just. I found a man under the casino. He told me you'd gone into the tunnel under the river. He made sure I got away.

DOCTOR: Nimrod.

EVELYN: And closed this huge door behind me, and then, bang! I've never heard an explosion like it.

DOCTOR: Oh, that was friend Nimrod's doing, too.

EVELYN: Well, what happened to Amelia?

DOCTOR: Oh, I don't know. She went down into the water very quickly.

EVELYN: You mean she drowned?

DOCTOR: Possibly. Or maybe she had the same affliction as Matthew, and wasn't as invulnerable as she liked to believe. (coughs)

EVELYN: Are you okay?

DOCTOR: I'll live. Just need to catch my breath.

EVELYN: Oh, I must find Cassie. Doctor, we have to help her.

DOCTOR: I know, I know.

(Emergency sirens.)

EVELYN: Cassie?

CASSIE: Don't come near me.

EVELYN: Cassie, look at me.

CASSIE: I'm a monster. My Dad always told me that monsters don't exist, but they do, don't they.

EVELYN: Listen to me. I've faced monsters. Horrible evil creatures that your darkest thoughts could never imagine. You are most certainly *not* a monster.

CASSIE: Look what I did to Reggie. I'm a killer, a murderer. I can hear the blood rushing through every single vein in your body. It calls to me. What if I can't control it?

EVELYN: You'll be strong. I saw the look in your eyes after you killed Reggie. Horror and disgust. You're blessed with a conscience.

CASSIE: Is there any hope?

(Footsteps approach.)

DOCTOR: There's always hope.

EVELYN: Doctor.

DOCTOR: Cassie, you seem to share something in common with poor Nathaniel, and you can't hide in the shadows forever. Come on. I think it's time we left the Dusk to rest in peace.

EVELYN: The Tardis?

DOCTOR: Yes. The Tardis.

(Howling cold wind. The Tardis materialises. Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR: It could be best if you reconsidered, and stayed aboard the Tardis? At least you'll be safe until I can find a way to perfect the reversal of your condition.

CASSIE: No, I've got to face this myself.

EVELYN: Cassie, listen to the Doctor.

DOCTOR: This is all my fault, you know.

CASSIE: It's not your problem. I ran away from home, away from my responsibilities. You didn't make me abandon my son.

DOCTOR: Yes, but I

CASSIE: I've got to start taking responsibility for my life, and beat this. I'll only do that where I'm not going to be a danger to anyone else.

DOCTOR: Well, we've come to the right place for that.

EVELYN: Doctor, where on Earth are we?

DOCTOR: Norway. As far north as you can get without hitting the Pole.

EVELYN: It's the middle of nowhere, colder than my rooms on Campus, and it's dark as

DOCTOR: Dark. Yes, it is. And it will be for months. Long nights, short days. Perfect conditions for

CASSIE: A vampire.

DOCTOR: Er, yes.

CASSIE: Thank you.

(Cassie cries, Evelyn joins in.)

EVELYN: There, there, come on. Let's dry those eyes. Keep the hankie. I think you need it more than me.

CASSIE: Thank you. I'll miss you.

EVELYN: Take care, dear.

DOCTOR: I will come back for you.

CASSIE: I know.

DOCTOR: Evelyn.

EVELYN: Time to go?

DOCTOR: Yes, time to go. Goodbye, Cassie.

(Tardis door closes, Tardis dematerialises.)

CASSIE: All bets are off.

EVELYN: I must get these shoes off. My feet are killing me.

DOCTOR: Evelyn.

EVELYN: Mmm?

DOCTOR: I'm sorry.

EVELYN: Whatever for?

DOCTOR: For letting blind angry prejudice endanger your life. For letting things get out of control. For shouting at you.

EVELYN: Your bark's much worse than your bite, Doctor.

DOCTOR: It will never happen again.

EVELYN: I know. And, if it means anything, I do understand.

DOCTOR: Yes, it does. Now, as the first instalment of my peace offering, why don't I make us a nice cup of cocoa?

EVELYN: Oh, yes please. Doctor?

DOCTOR: Hmm?

EVELYN: She will be all right, won't she?

DOCTOR: If I have anything to do with it. Time has a habit of sorting these things out.

(Busy street. Mobile phone rings.)

NIMROD: Nimrod. Yes, sir. I have no idea where Amelia is. She may or may not be dead. She has a charmed life. No, the girl left with the Doctor and the Smythe woman. Don't worry, sir. I'll bring her back for you. Alive.